

# A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter II—Continued.

In the meantime, Ferrier, having recovered from his privations, distinguished himself as a useful guide and an indefatigable hunter.

So rapidly did he gain the esteem of his new companions, that when they reached the end of their wanderings, it was unanimously agreed that he should be provided with as large and as fertile a tract of land as any of the settlers, with the exception of Young himself, and of Stanger, Kimball, Johnson and Drebbler, who were the four principal elders.

On the farm thus acquired John Ferrier built himself a substantial log house, which received so many additions in succeeding years that it grew into a roomy villa.

In three years he was better off than his neighbors, in six he was well-to-do, in nine he was rich, and in twelve there were not half a dozen men in the whole of Salt Lake City who could compare with him.

There was one way, and only one, in which he offended the susceptibilities of his co-religionists.

There were some who accused him of lukewarmness in his adopted religion, and others who put it down to greed of wealth and reluctance to incur expense.

Whatever the reason, Ferrier remained strictly celibate. In every other respect he conformed to the religion of the young settlement, and gained the name of being an orthodox and straight-walking man.

Lucy Ferrier grew up within the log house and assisted her adopted father in all his undertakings.

The keen air of the mountains and the balsamic odor of the pine trees took the place of nurse and mother to the young girl.

As year succeeded to year she grew taller and stronger, her cheek more ruddy, and her step more elastic.

Many a wayfarer upon the high road, which ran by Ferrier's farm, felt forgotten thoughts revive in his mind as he watched her lithe, girlish figure tripping through the wheat fields, or met her mounted upon her father's mustang, and managing it with all the ease and grace of a true child of the West.

So the bud blossomed into a flower and the year which saw her father the richest of the farmers left her as fair a specimen of American girlhood as could be found in the whole Pacific slope.

It was not the father, however, who first discovered that the child had developed into the woman. It seldom is in such cases.

That mysterious change is too subtle and too gradual to be measured by dates. Least of all does the maiden herself know it until the tone of a voice or the touch of a hand sets her heart thrilling within her, and she learns, with a mixture of pride and fear, that a new and a larger nature has awakened within her.

There are few who cannot recall that day and remember the one little incident which heralded the dawn of a new life.

In the case of Lucy Ferrier the occasion was serious enough in itself, apart from its future influence on her destiny and that of many besides.

It was a warm June morning, and the Latter-Day Saints were as busy as the bees whose hive they have chosen for their emblem.

In the fields and in the streets rose the same hum of human industry.

Down the dusty highroads defiled long streams of heavily laden mules, all heading to the west for the gold fever had broken out in California, and the Overland route lay through the city of the Elect.

There, too, were droves of the sheep and bullocks coming in from the outlying pasture lands, and trains of tired immigrants, men and horses equally weary of their interminable journey.

Through all this motley assemblage, threading her way with the skill of an accomplished rider, there galloped Lucy Ferrier, her fair face flushed with the exercise, and her long chestnut hair floating out behind her.

She had a commission from her father in the city, and was dashing in as she had done many a time before, with all the fearlessness of youth, thinking only of her task and how it was to be performed.

The traveling-stained adventures gazed after her in astonishment, and even the warlike Indians, for many of them were in the party, relaxed their accustomed stolidity as they marveled at the beauty of the pre-faded maiden.

She had reached the outskirts of the city when she found that road blocked by a great drove of cattle, driven by a half dozen wild looking herdsmen from the plains.

In her impatience she endeavored to pass this obstacle by pushing her horse into what appeared to be a gap. Scarcely had she got fairly into it, however, before the beasts closed in behind her, and she found herself completely imbedded in the moving stream of fierce-eyed, long-horned bullocks.

Accustomed as she was to deal with cattle, she was not alarmed at her situation, but took advantage of every opportunity to urge her horse on in the hope of pushing her way through the cavalcade.

Unfortunately, the horns of one of the creatures, either by accident or design, came in violent contact with the flank of the mustang, and excited it to madness.

In an instant it reared upon its hind legs with a snort of rage, and pranced and tossed in a way that would have unseated any but a most skillful rider.

The situation was full of peril. Every plunge of the excited horse brought it against the horns again, and goaded it to fresh madness.

It was all that the girl could do to keep herself in the saddle, yet a slip would mean a terrible death under the hoofs of the unwieldy and terrified animals.

Unaccustomed to sudden emergencies her head began to swim, and her

kip upon the bride to relax.

Choked by the rising cloud of dust and by the steam from the straggling creatures, she might have abandoned her efforts in despair but for a kindly voice at her elbow which assured her of assistance.

At the same moment a sinewy brown hand caught the frightened horse by the curb, and, forcing a way through the drove, soon brought her to the outskirts.

"You're not hurt, I hope, Miss," said her preserver, respectfully.

She looked up at his dark, fierce face and laughed sanely.

"I'm awfully frightened," she said, naively; "whoever would have thought that Pongo would have been so scared by a lot of cows?"

"Thank God you kept your seat," the other said, earnestly. He was a tall, savage looking young fellow mounted on a powerful roan horse, and clad in the rough dress of a hunter, with a long rifle slung over his shoulder. "I guess you are the daughter of John Ferrier," he remarked. "I saw you ride down from his house. When you see him, ask him if he remembers the Jefferson Hopes of St. Louis. If he's the same Ferrier, my father and he were pretty thick."

"Hadn't you better come and ask yourself?" she asked demurely.

The young fellow seemed pleased at the suggestion, and his dark eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"I'll do so," he said; "we've been in the mountains for two months, and are not over and above in visiting condition. He must take us as he finds us."

"He has a good deal to thank you for, and so have I," she answered; "he's a awful fond of me. If those cows had jumped on me, he'd have never got over it."

"Neither would I," said her companion.

"You? Well, I don't see that it would make much matter to you, anyhow. You ain't even a friend of ours."

The young hunter's dark face grew so gloomy over this remark that Lucy Ferrier laughed aloud.

"There, I didn't mean that," she said; "of course, you are a friend now. You must come and see us. Now I must push along, or father won't trust me with his business any more. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he answered, raising his broad sombrero, and bending over her little hand.

She wheeled her mustang round, gave it a cut with her riding-whip, and darted away down the broad road in a rolling cloud of dust.

Young Jefferson Hope rode on with his companions, gloomy and taciturn. He and they had been among the Nevada mountains prospecting for silver, and were returning to Salt Lake City in the hope of raising capital enough to work some lodes which they had discovered.

He had been as keen as any of them upon the business until this sudden incident had drawn his thoughts into another channel.

The sight of the fair, young girl, as frank and wholesome as the Sierra breezes, had stirred his volcanic, untamed heart to its very depths.

When she had vanished from his sight, he realized that a crisis had come in his life, and that neither silver speculations nor any other occupations could ever be of such importance to him as this new and all-absorbing one.

The love which had sprung up in his heart was not the sudden, cheerless fancy of a boy but rather the wild, fierce passion of a man of strong will and iron-clad temper.

He had been accustomed to succeed in all that he undertook.

He was in his habit of would not fall in this if human effort and human perseverance could render him successful.

He called on John Ferrier that night and many times until his face was a familiar one of the farmhouse.

John, seated in the valley and absorbed in his work, had little chance of learning the name of the outside world during the last twelve years.

All this Jefferson Hope was able to tell him and in a story which interested Lucy as well as her father.

He had been a prospector in California and could narrate many a strange tale of fortune made and fortunes lost in those wild, barren days.

He had been a scout, too, and a trapper, a silver prospector, and a ranchman.

Whatever adventures were to be had, Jefferson Hope had been there in search of them.

He soon became a favorite with the old farmer, who spoke glowingly of his stories. On such occasions Lucy was silent, but her blushing cheek and her bright, happy eyes showed only too clearly that her young heart was no longer her own.

Her honest father may not have observed these symptoms, but they were assuredly not thrown away upon the man who had won her affections.

It was a summer evening when he came galloping down the road and pulled up at the gate.

She was at the doorway, and came down to meet him. He threw the bridle over the fence and strode up the pathway.

"I am off, Lucy," he said, taking her two hands in his, and gazing tenderly down into her face; "I want ask you to come with me now, but will you be ready to come when I am here again?"

"And when will that be?" she asked, blushing and laughing.

"A couple of months at the outside. I will come and claim you then, my darling. There's no one who can stand between us."

"And how about father?" she asked.

"He has given his consent, provided we get these mines working all right. I have no fear on that head."

"Oh, well, of course, if you and father have arranged it all, there's no more to be said," she whispered, with her cheek against his broad breast.

"Thank God!" he said, hoarsely, stooping and kissing her. "It is settled then. The longer I stay the harder it will be to go. They are wait-

ing for me at the canyon. Good-bye, my own darling—good-bye. In two months you shall see me."

He tore himself from her as he spoke, and, flinging himself upon his horse, galloped furiously away, never even looking round, as though afraid that his resolution might fall him if he took one glance at what he was leaving.

She stood at the gate, gazing after him until he vanished from her sight. Then she walked back to the house, the happiest girl in Utah.

## CHAPTER III.

Three weeks had passed since Jefferson Hope and his comrades had departed from Salt Lake City.

John Ferrier's heart was sore within him when he thought of the young man's return and of the impending loss of his adopted child.

Yet her bright and happy face recalled him to the arrangement more than any argument could have done. He had always determined, deep down in his resolute heart, that nothing would ever induce him to allow his daughter to wed a Mormon.

Such a marriage he regarded as no marriage at all, but as a shame and a disgrace. Whatever he might think of the Mormon doctrines, upon that one point he was inflexible.

He had to seal his mouth on the subject, however, for to express an unorthodox opinion was a dangerous matter in those days in the Land of the Saints.

Yes, a dangerous matter—so dangerous that even the most saintly dared only whisper their religious opinions with bated breath, lest something which fell from their lips might be misconstrued and bring down a swift retribution upon them.

The victims of persecution had now turned persecutors on their own account, and persecutors of the most terrible description.

Not the Inquisition of Seville, nor the German Vehmgericht, nor the secret societies of Italy, were ever able to put a more formidable machinery in motion than that which cast a cloud over the Territory of Utah.

Its invisibility and the mystery which was attached to it made this organization doubly terrible. It appeared to be omniscient and omnipotent, and yet was neither seen nor heard.

The man who held out against the Church vanished away, and none knew whether he had gone or what had befallen him. His wife and children awaited him at home, but no father ever returned to tell them how he had fared at the hands of his secret judges.

A rash word or a hasty act was followed by annihilation, and yet none knew what the nature might be of this terrible power which was suspended over them.

At first this vague and terrible power was exercised only upon the recalcitrants, who, having embraced the Mormon faith, wished afterward to revert or to abandon it. Soon, however, it took a wider range.

The supply of adult women was running short and polygamy without a female population on which to draw was a barren doctrine indeed.

Strange rumors began to be bandied about—rumors of murdered immigrants and rifled camps in regions where Indians had never been seen. Fresh women appeared in the harems of the elders—women who pined and wept and bore in their faces the traces of an unextinguishable horror.

Belted wanderers upon the mountain spoke of camps of armed men, masked, stealthy, and merciless, who fitted by them in the darkness. These tales and rumors took substance and shape, and were corroborated and re-corroborated, until they resolved themselves into a definite name.

To this day, in the lovely ranches of the West, the name of the Danite Band, or the Avenge Angels, is a sister and an ill-omened one.

Fuller knowledge of the organization which produced such terrible results served to increase rather than to lessen the horror which it inspired in the minds of men.

None knew who belonged to this ruthless society. The names of the participants in the deeds of blood and violence, done under the name of religion, were kept profoundly secret.

The very friend to whom you communicated your misdeeds as to the prophet and his mission might be one of those who would come forth at night with the sword and exact a terrible retribution. Hence every man feared his neighbor, and none spoke of the things which were nearest his heart.

(To be continued.)

## Retribution at Last.

"These racing automobiles ought to be suppressed," remarked the indignant man.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the lowly citizen. "I get some enjoyment out of them."

"You! Why, you never rode in one in your life."

"Of course not, but think how interesting they are making things for the scorching bicyclists, who have heretofore monopolized the roads. I tell you it looks to me like righteous retribution."

## Settling the "Tip" Question.

The awkward question of the tip was solved by a big New Englander from the state of Maine who was dining in a London restaurant the other evening. Having paid his bill, he was informed by the waiter that what he had paid "did not include the waiter."

"Waal," said the stranger, "I ate no waiter, did I?"

And as he looked quite ready to do so on any further provocation the subject was dropped.

## Falling Bodies.

A falling body moves at the rate of 32 feet the first second of its drop, at 64 feet the next, 96 feet third, and so on, increasing 32 feet per second during each second of its fall.

## Apricots and Figs.

The apricot, if soaked in its own bulk of cold water for 48 hours, is said to be almost like fresh fruit. Figs should be immersed in hot water for an

## IN CHICAGO GRAIN ELEVATORS....

### City Has Remarkable Facilities for Handling All Cereals....

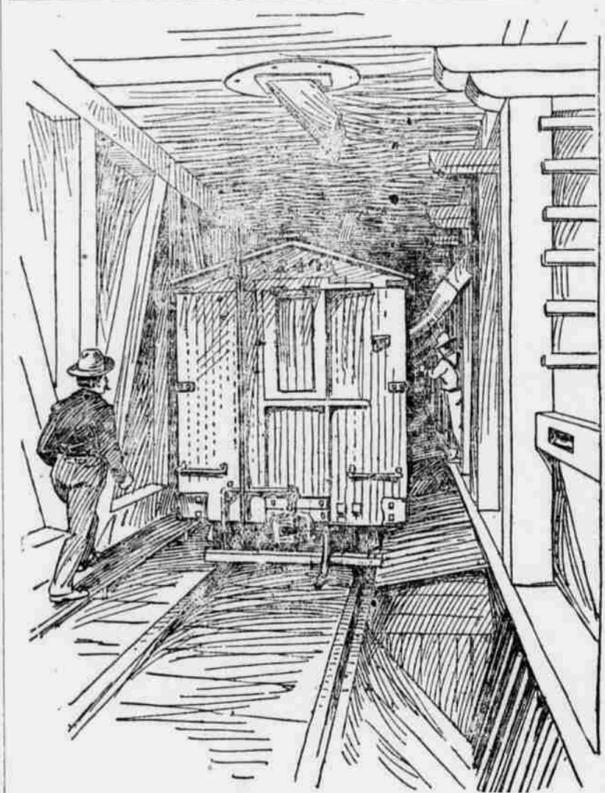
**D**URING the last days of summer wheat and oats pour into the grain elevators of Chicago at a great rate. The grain doesn't all stay there by any means. There wouldn't be room for it. Trains are constantly backing into the elevators and loads of the grain and transport the cereals eastward. Chicago is the chief depot of the country for making the transfer from the producing points to those where the grains are to be prepared for consumption.

Most of the great elevators of the city are located where they can be reached by both water and rail, for while the heavy receipts come by rail the most of the big shipments out of the city go by boat. If the Chicago elevators were divided into stories, as are ordinary buildings, they would be from ten to fifteen stories in height. Most of them have narrow upper sections only about half as wide as are the main portions. These higher portions are used for machinery and grain transferring devices, so there is no need for as great width as the lower floors, where the grain is stored in bins.

When a trainload of grain arrives at an elevator the cars to be unloaded are backed right into the elevator on

tracks which curve up in such a way at their ends that the belt is made to curve up in a corresponding way at the edges. On each side of the belt on the surface of the floor is the rail of a track which extends the full length of the belt. At various points along the floor are openings into the bins below. To get the grain, which has been dropped from the weighing bin chutes to these flying belts, into the lower bins requires the use of still another unique device which runs on this track. This device is a receiver for the grain, and into this receiver the grain is thrown from the belt. Long chutes lead from these storage bins to the places where the cars or boats come to be loaded.

In an elevator visited by a newspaper correspondent there were eight movable chutes leading from as many bins to the pier of the ship, where the boats came alongside to receive their cargoes. The elevator had a capacity of almost 2,000,000 of grain, and the eight bins for loading boats each had a capacity of 5,000 bushels. The foreman in charge of the ship loading had an arrangement for telling how much grain there was in the bin, which made it unnecessary for anyone to visit the bin and see how big a supply it con-



GRAIN CAR RECEIVING ITS CARGO.

a track that runs down the center of the building. At frequent intervals along the floor there are trap doors down which the grain may be emptied. The boxcar is stopped with its side door opposite one of the traps. The car door is entered and a man with a steam shovel climbs inside. A steam shovel is made of boards fastened together and is about three feet wide by four in length. Near the top are two handles by which the workman may pull it about. On the opposite side and near the bottom of the shovel are fastened the two ropes which by means of steam power pull the shovel forward each time after the workman sinks it down into the wheat. As the shovel lowers the wheat in the car the workman removes, one after another, the side boards which were placed one above the other in the car door to hold the wheat while it was being transported in the car.

As the wheat is thus being shoveled out of the car and down into a receiving bin below the floor, the machinery is started which operates a transfer belt that moves through this receiving bin. The belt is fitted with cups which fill themselves as they pass through the grain. Up, up mount these cups on the belt until they reach the top floor of the elevator, perhaps 100 or 170 feet above the point where they are started. Here as the belt turns in the descent the cups empty their loads of grain into bins which are to hold the cereal but temporarily. With chutes at their bottoms these temporary bins are connected with the weighing bins on the floor just below. The weigher, by a system of levers controlling a cutoff, draws into the inclosed weighing bin as much wheat as he pleases. When the yard rises indicating that the amount of grain for which he gauged the scales has poured into the bins he cuts off the stream and records the amount which has been weighed.

By another lever the platform of the scales can be opened and the wheat dropped into a chute which leads to the floor below. Here a unique contrivance carries the grain to any of the storage bins desired. Two wide rubber belts, full three and a half feet broad, extend from one end of the long building to the other. The chutes from the various weighing bins depend just above one or the other of these belts. The belts are operated on roll-

ers which curve up in such a way at their ends that the belt is made to curve up in a corresponding way at the edges. On each side of the belt on the surface of the floor is the rail of a track which extends the full length of the belt. At various points along the floor are openings into the bins below. To get the grain, which has been dropped from the weighing bin chutes to these flying belts, into the lower bins requires the use of still another unique device which runs on this track. This device is a receiver for the grain, and into this receiver the grain is thrown from the belt. Long chutes lead from these storage bins to the places where the cars or boats come to be loaded.

In an elevator visited by a newspaper correspondent there were eight movable chutes leading from as many bins to the pier of the ship, where the boats came alongside to receive their cargoes. The elevator had a capacity of almost 2,000,000 of grain, and the eight bins for loading boats each had a capacity of 5,000 bushels. The foreman in charge of the ship loading had an arrangement for telling how much grain there was in the bin, which made it unnecessary for anyone to visit the bin and see how big a supply it contained. A rope reached over a pulley and into the storage bin. A heavy weight was attached to the end in the bin. The other end of the rope reached to the first floor of the elevator. Various marks were on the wall and at the side of each, such and such a number of bushels of grain was marked down, the larger numbers being toward the bottom. A knot was tied in the rope and when a test was made by loosening the rope and letting down the weight to the surface of the grain the foreman could tell just how much remained in the bin. By ropes the workman could also open or close a valve, shutting off the grain or letting it flow down the chute from the bin into a boat. When being filled the boat comes alongside the pier and her latches are opened and as many chutes as can be used—which is, of course, determined by the length of the vessel—are placed in operation. The chutes can be swung about from side to side, and there have been instances in which six of them were employed at one time in sending grain down into the hold of a long steamer.

Down the center of the elevator is a second track on which is run in the freight cars to be loaded with grain. Cars are filled in a way somewhat similar to boats, but one double-kneed chute is used for each car. The car is rolled under the bin which is to be emptied. A swinging chute connected with the bin is pulled up to the side of the car. At the end of the chute is a double spout, the ends being slightly turned to one side so that they will go into the door of the car, and pointing almost in opposite directions, so that they will spread the wheat as much as possible.

## The Largest Known Tree.

What undoubtedly is the largest known tree in the world has been discovered on the government reservation far up in the Sierras, in Fresno County, California. Six feet from the ground it took a line 154 feet 8 inches long to encircle the tree, making it over 51 feet in diameter.

It is hard for the men to give satisfaction: When they don't talk the women claim they are grumpy, and when they do talk, the women say they are scolding.

Some men show their secret desires so plainly that they are vulgar.

## BIRTH OF NATIONAL AIRS.

Writing of "Yankee Doodle" and "John Brown's Body."

In one sense national music is any music which is beloved by a nation. Under this head would come "Home, Sweet Home," and "Swanee River," a more tender lyric of home and of its memories than Stephen C. Foster's "Old Folks at Home," of which about 500,000 copies were sold, would be hard to find. It was often under interdiction during the civil war because it made soldiers down-hearted. Another kind is of a patriotic nature.

Often a national song is at first of local fame and interest, and by merit becomes national, and may even be spread the world over. Thus, as the voice of friendship and loyalty, "Auld Lang Syne" is known the world over, and the "Marsellaise," which began as a marching song for a corps of the army of the Lower Rhine, became the universal cry of liberty in patriotic struggles everywhere. The whole composition came to Rouget de Lisle in one night, 1792.

Two French songs sung during the reign of terror were in some degree induced by American events, and these form a preliminary to our American music. In revolutionary times and previously there was but little music in America.

During the revolution there was no American composer of note. No American tune during the revolution took root as the one which began and ended the war, and existed in England in 1775 or 1776—"Yankee Doodle." The words were written during the French and Indian war by Dr. Richard Shuckburg, a British surgeon, in a sort of parody way on seeing some of the New England troops marching into Albany, and set to an English dancing tune.

In Europe "Hail, Columbia," is considered our chief national anthem, and has certain rights to be so considered, as it was composed on American soil, only they put the cart before the horse, and the tune was composed and played nine years before the words were fitted to it. The tune was known and immensely popular as "Washington's March," and played till it was threadbare.

Nine years after it was written Gilbert Fox, an actor, was to have a benefit. He was announced to sing a new patriotic song, and got Joseph Hopkins to write words for him to the tune of "Washington's March." A new patriotic tune meant everything in those times. The theater was crowded. Fox sang the song, and had to sing it over eight times, and then the audience sang the chorus. This was in 1798, and it was called the "The New Federal Song."

The oldest of our national tunes is the English national anthem, "God Save the King," and even during the revolution people sang the tune with patriotic words. Several songs were sung to the tune with varying success, and in 1822 the melody was given in good earnest by the Rev. S. F. Smith at a children's temperance celebration at the Park Street Church in Boston, and it has taken such root that "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" became our national melody.

Now a word about what we call our chief tune, "The Star-Spangled Banner." The words were formed here, the music abroad, and there is much false history about it. It began as a drinking song in 1765, of an English club which met at the Crown and Anchor Inn, on the Strand. Later, in 1802, it was used as a Masonic tune, and in 1798 Thomas Paine, at Boston, put words to it, called it "Adams and Liberty," and it was sung everywhere. In the darkest part of the war of 1812 Francis Scott Key, watching the British bombard Fort Mifflin, wrote, in a moment of inspiration, this national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"John Brown's Body" was first sung in a purely local way at Fort Warren, but it became the chief marching song of our army in the rebellion, and Julia Ward Howe set to the inspiring tune the great hymn, "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," and thus was a song of war transformed to a song of peace.—Boston Herald.

## Runs Through a Desert.

A well-known civil engineer, H. B. Carpenter, who has recently completed the survey of the southern line of Utah, says the boundary between that State and Arizona does not cross a foot of cultivated land. It traverses a desert, which is cut up by great canyons that are almost impassable. The length of the line is 277 miles. Landmarks along the line will make it possible for the boundary to be located without any difficulty in the future. Just east of the Colorado River a sandstone butte rises 1,000 feet above the plain, and the very peak of this butte is exactly on the boundary. Mr. Carpenter named the peak State Line butte. Not far from this butte is another, which stands 1,300 feet above the plain, and was named Tower peak. These two gigantic stones will always be a guide to persons who have enough curiosity to penetrate the desert in search of the State line.

## It Didn't Matter Anyway.

The following explanatory note accompanied a young man's wedding gift to a friend: "My Dear Girl—You will find in the box a thimble, which has something to do with eating. It's a cross between a harpoon and a bayonet. It may be for spearing pickles or stacking chopped cabbage. Anyway, you will be so happy that you won't care."

When we see the gay socks the new wear, we are filled with pity for the women folks who have to chase around town for darning cotton to match.